



(Copyright, 1900, by F. Tennyson Neely.)

They left the infantry there to guard the site and protect the gang of woodchoppers set to work at once, then turned their faces homeward. They had spent four days and nights at the Gap, and the more the youngsters saw of the rotund quartermaster, the less he cared to cultivate him. A portly, heavily built man was he, some 40 years of age, a widower, whose children were at their mother's old home in the far east, a business man with a keen eye for opportunities and investments, a fellow who was reputed to have stock in a dozen mines and kindred enterprises, a knowing hand who drove fast horses and owned quite a stable, a sharp hand who played a thriving game of poker and had no compunctions as to winning. Officers at Emory were fighting shy of him. He played too big a game for their small pay and pockets, and the men with whom he took his pleasure were big contractors or well-known "sports" and gamblers, who in those days thronged the frontier towns and most men did them homage. But on this trip Burleigh had no big gamblers along and missed his evening game, and, once arrived at camp along the Fork, he had "roped in" some of the infantry officers, but Brooks and the engineer declined to play, and so had Dean from the very start.

"All true cavalrymen ought to be able to take a hand at poker," sneered Burleigh, at the first night's camp, for here was a pigeon really worth the plucking, thought he. Dean's life in the field had been so simple and inexpensive that he had saved much of his slender pay; but, what Burleigh did not know, he had sent much of it home to mother and Jess.

"I know several men who would have been the better for leaving it alone," responded Dean, very quietly. They rubbed each other the wrong way from the very start, and this was bad for the boy, for in those days, when army morals were less looked after than they are now, men of Burleigh's stamp, with the means to entertain and the station to enable them to do it, had often the ear of officers from headquarters, and more things were told at such times to generals and colonels about their young men than the victims ever suspected. Burleigh was a man of position and influence, and knew it. Dean was a youngster without either, and did not realize it. He had made an enemy of the quartermaster on the trip and could not but know it. Yet, conscious that he had said nothing that was wrong, he felt no disquiet.

And now, homeward bound, he was jogging contentedly along at the



Dean saw a confused mass.

head of the troop. Scouts and flankers signaled "all clear." Not a hostile Indian had they seen since leaving the Gap. The ambulances with a little squad of troopers had hung on a few moments at the noon camp, hitching slowly and leisurely that their passengers might longer enjoy their post prandial siesta in the last shade they should see until they reached Cantonment Reno, a long day's ride. Presently the lively mule teams would come along the winding trail at a spanking trot. Then the troop would open out to right and left and let them take the lead, giving the dust in exchange, and once more the rapid march would begin. It was four p. m. when the shadows of the mules' ears and heads came jerking into view beside them, and, guiding his horse to the right, Dean loosed rein and prepared to trot by the open doorway of the stout, black-covered wagon. The young engineer of floor, sitting on the front seat, nodded cordially to the cavalryman. He had known and liked him at the Point. He had sympathized with him in the vague difference with the quartermaster. He had to listen to sneering things Burleigh was telling the aide-camp about young lineamen in general and Dean in particular, stocking the staff officer with opinions which he hoped and intended should reach the department commander's ears. The engineer disbelieved, but was in no position to disprove. His station was at Omaha, far from the scene of cavalry exploits in fort or field. Burleigh's office and depot were in this new, crowded, bustling frontier town, filled with temptation to men so far removed from the influences of home and civilization, and Burleigh doubtless saw and knew much to warrant his generalities. But he knew no wrong of Dean, for that young soldier, as has been said, had spent all but a few mid-winter months at hard, vigorous work in the field, had been to Gate City and Fort Emory only twice, and then un-

der orders that called for prompt return to Fetterman. Any man with an eye for human nature could see at a glance, as Dean saw, that both the aid and his big friend, the quartermaster, had been exchanging comments at the boy's expense. He had shouted a cheery salutation to the engineer in answer to his friendly nod, then turned in saddle and looked squarely at the two on the back seat, and the constraint in their manner, the almost stifled look in their faces, told the story without words.

It nettled Dean—frank, outspoken, straightforward as he had always been. He hated any species of backbiting, and he had heard of Burleigh as an adept in the art, and a man to be feared. Signaling to his sergeant to keep the column opened out, as the prairie was almost level now on every side, he rode swiftly on, revolving in his mind how to meet and checkmate Burleigh's insidious moves, for instinctively he felt he was already at work. The general in command in those days was not a field soldier by any means. His office was far away at the banks of the Missouri, and all he knew of what was actually going on in his department he derived from official written reports; much that was neither official nor reliable he learned from officers of Burleigh's stamp, and Dean had never yet set eyes on him. In the engineer he felt he had a friend on whom he could rely, and he determined to seek his counsel at the campfire that very night, meantime to hold his peace.

They were trotting through a shallow depression at the moment, the two spring wagons guarded and escorted by some 30 dusty, hardy-looking troopers. In the second, the yellow ambulance, Brooks was stretched at length, taking it easy, an attendant jogging alongside. Behind them came a third, a big quartermaster's wagon drawn by six mules and loaded with tentage and rations. Out some 300 yards to the right and left rode little squads as flankers. Out beyond them, further still, often cut off from view by low waves of prairie, were individual troopers, riding as lookouts, while far to the front, full 600 yards, three or four others, spreading over the front on each side of the twisting trail, moved rapidly from crest to crest, always carefully scanning the country ahead before riding up to the summit. And now, as Dean's eyes turned from his charges to look along the sky line to the east, he saw sudden sign of excitement and commotion at the front. A sergeant, riding with two troopers midway between him and those foremost scouts, was eagerly signaling to him with his broad-brimmed hat. Three of the black dots along the gently rising slope far ahead had leaped from their mounts and were slowly crawling forward, while one of them, his horse turned adrift and contentedly nibbling at the buffalo grass, was surely signaling that there was mischief ahead.

In an instant the lieutenant was galloping out to the front, cautioning the driver to come on slowly. Presently he overhauled the sergeant and bade him follow, and together the four men dashed up on the gradual incline until within ten yards of where the leaders' horses were placidly grazing. There they threw themselves from saddle; one of the men took the reins of the four horses, while Dean and the other two, unslinging carbine and crouching low, went hurriedly on up the slope until they came within a few yards of the nearest scout.

"Indians!" he called to them, as soon as they were within earshot. "But they don't seem to be on lookout for us at all. They're fooling with some buffalo over here."

Crawling to the crest, leaving his hat behind, Dean peered over into the gulch beyond, and this was what he saw:

Half a mile away to the east the low, concave sweep of the prairie was cut by the jagged banks and curves of a watercourse which drained the melting snows in earlier spring. Along the further bank a dozen buffalo were placidly grazing, unconscious of the fact that in the shallow, dry ravine itself half a dozen young Indians—Sioux, apparently—were lurking, awaiting the nearer coming of the herd, whose leaders, at least, were gradually approaching the edge. Away down to the northeast, toward the distant Powder river, the shallow stream bed trended, and, following the pointing finger of the scout who crawled to his side, Dean gazed and saw a confused mass of slowly moving objects, betrayed for miles by the light cloud of dust that hovered over them, covering many an acre of the prairie, stretching away down the vale. Even before he could unsling his field glass and gaze, his plaincraft told him what was slowly, steadily approaching, as though to cross his front—an Indian village, a big one, on the move to the mountains, bound perhaps for the famous race course of the Sioux, a grand amphitheater in the southern hills.

And even as they gazed, two tiny jets of flame and smoke shot from the ravine edge there below them, and before the dull reports could reach their ears the foremost bison dropped on his knees and then rolled over on the sod; and then came the order, at sound of which, back among the halted troopers, every carbine leaped from its socket.

CHAPTER III.

Down along the building railway in the valley of the Platte there had been two years of frequent encounter with small bands of Indians. Down along the Smoky Hill, in Kansas, the Cheyennes were ever giving trouble. Even around Laramie and Frayne, and the North Platte, settlers and soldiers had

been murdered, as well as one or two officers, caught alone out hunting, and the Indians were, of course, the perpetrators. Nevertheless, it had been the policy of the leaders of the Northern Sioux to avoid any meeting in force and to deny the complicity of their people in the crimes committed. Supply trains to Reno, Kearney and C. F. Smith, the Big Horn posts of the Bozeman trail, went to and fro with guards of only moderate size. Officers had taken their wives and children to these far-away stations. The stockades were filled with soldiers' families. Big bands of Indians roamed the lovely valleys of the Piney, the Tongue and Rosebud, near at hand, and rode into full view of the wary sentries at the stockades, yet made no hostile demonstration. Officers and men went far up the rocky canyons of the hills in search of fish or game, and came back unmolested. Escorts reported that they sometimes marched all day long side by side with hunting bands of Sioux, a mile away; and often little parties, squaws and boys and young men, would ride confidently over and beg for sugar, coffee, hardtack—anything, and ride off with their plunder in the best of spirits and with all apparent good feeling. And yet the great war chief of the Brules—Sintogalaska—Spotted Tail, the white man's friend, gave solemn warning not to trust the Ogallallas. "Red Cloud's heart is bad," he said. "He and his people are moving from the reservations to the mountains. They mean trouble." Old traders like Folsom heard and heeded, and Folsom himself hastened to Fort Frayne the very week that Burleigh and his escort left for Warrior Gap. Visiting at the ranch of his son in a beautiful nook behind the Medicine Bow mountains, the veteran trader heard tidings from an Indian brave that filled him with apprehension, and he hurried to the fort.

"Is it true," he asked, "that the government means to establish a post at Warrior Gap? Is it true that Maj. Burleigh has gone thither?" And when told that it was, and that only Capt. Brooks' troop had gone as an escort, Folsom's agitation was extreme. "Colonel," said he to the post commander, "solemnly I have tried to warn the general of the danger of that move. I have told him that all the northern tribes are leaguering now, that they have determined to keep to themselves the Big Horn country and the valleys to the north. It will take 5,000 men to hold those three posts against the Sioux, and you've barely got 500. I warn you that any attempt to start another post up there will bring Red Cloud and all his people to the spot. Their scouts are watching like hawks even now. Iron Spear came to me at my son's ranch last night and told me not ten warriors were left at the reservation. They are all gone, and the war dances are on in every valley from the Black Hills to the Powder. For heaven's sake, send half your garrison up to Reno after Brooks. You are safe here. They won't molest you south of the Platte, at least not now. All they ask is that you build no more forts in the Big Horn."

But the colonel could not act without authority. Telegraph there was none then. What Folsom said was of sufficient importance to warrant his hurrying off a courier to Laramie, fully 100 miles southeast, and ordering a troop to scout across the wild wastes to the north, while Folsom himself, unable to master his anxiety, decided to accompany the command sent out toward Cantonment Reno. He long had had influence with the Ogallallas. Even now Red Cloud might listen if he could but find him. The matter was of such urgency he could not refrain. And so with the gray troop of the cavalry, setting forth within an hour of his coming, rode the old trader whom the Indians had so long sworn by, and he started none too soon.

Reno was some 90 miles away, and not until late the next evening did the grays reach the lonely post. Not a sign of hostile Indian had been seen or heard, said the officer in command. Small bands of hunters were out toward Pumpkin Butte two days before. Yes, Ogallallas—and a scouting party, working down the valley of the Powder, had met no band at all, though trails were numerous. They were now patrolling toward the Big Horn. Perhaps there'd be a courier in to-morrow. Better get a good night's rest meantime, he said. But all the same he doubled his guards and ordered extra vigilance, for all men knew John Folsom, and when Folsom was anxious on the Indian question it was time to look alive. Daybreak came without a sign, but Folsom could not rest. The grays had no authority to go beyond Reno, but such was his anxiety that it was decided to hold the troop at the cantonment for a day or two. Meantime, despite his years, Folsom decided to push on for the Gap. All efforts to dissuade him were in vain. With him rode Baptiste, a half-breed Frenchman, whose mother was an Ogallalla squaw, and "Bat" had served him many a year. Their cantenets were filled, their saddle-pouches packed. They led along an extra mule, with camp equipment, and shook hands gravely with the officers as they rode away. "All depends," said Folsom, "on whether Red Cloud is hereabouts in person. If he is and I can get his ear I can probably stave off trouble long enough to get those people at the Gap back to Kearney, or over here. They're goners if they attempt to stay there and build that post. If you don't have word from us in two days, send for all the troops the government can raise. It will take every mother's son they've got to whip the Sioux when once they're leagued together."

"But our men have the new breech-loaders now, Mr. Folsom," said the officers. "The Indians have only old percussion-cap rifles, and not too many of them."

"But there are 20 warriors to every soldier," was the answer, "and all are fighting men."

They watched the pair until they disappeared far to the west. All day long the lookouts searched the horizon. All that night the sentries listened for hoofbeats on the Bozeman road, but only the weird chorus of the coyotes woke the echoes of the dark prairie. Dawn of the second day came, and, unable to bear suspense, the major sent a little party, mounted on their fleetest horses, to scour the prairie at least halfway to the foothills of the Big Horn, and just at nightfall they came back—three at least—galloping like mad, their mounts a mass of foam. Folsom's dread was well founded. Red Cloud, with heaven only knows how many warriors, had camped on Crazy Woman's Fork within the past three days, and gone on up stream. He might have met and fought the troops sent out three days before. He must have met the troops dispatched to Warrior Gap.

And this last, at least, he had done. For a few seconds after the fall of the buffalo bull, the watchers on the distant ridge lay still, except that Dean, turning slightly, called to the orderly trumpeter, who had come trotting out after the troop commander, and was now halted and afoot some 20 yards down the slope. "Go back, Bryan," he ordered. "Halt the ambulances. Notify Capt. Brooks that there are lots of Indians ahead, and have the sergeant deploy the men at once." Then he turned back and with his field glass studied the party along the ravine.

"They can't have seen us, can they, lieutenant?" muttered the trooper nearest him.

But Dean's young face was grave and clouded. Certainly the Indians acted as though they were totally unaware of the presence of troops, but the more he thought the more he knew that no big body of Sioux would be traveling across country at so critical a time (country, too, that was conquered as this was from their enemies, the Crows), without vigilant scouts afar out on front and flank. The more he thought the more he knew that even as early as three o'clock those keen-eyed fellows must have sighted his little column, conspicuous as it was because of its wagons. Beyond question, he told himself, the chief of the band or village so steadily approaching from the northeast had full information of their presence, and was coming confidently ahead. What had he to fear? Even though the blood of settlers and soldiers might still be red upon the hands of his braves, even though fresh scalps might be dangling at this moment from their shields, what mattered it? Did he not know that the safeguard of the Indian bureau spread like the wing of a protecting angel over him and his people, forbidding troops to molest or open fire unless they themselves were attacked? Did he not laugh in his ragged shirt sleeve at the policy of the white fool who would permit the red enemy to ride boldly up to his soldiers, count their numbers, inspect their array, satisfy himself as to their armament and readiness, then calculate the chances, and, if he thought the force too strong, ride on his way with only a significant gesture in parting insult? If, on the contrary, he found it weak, then he could turn loose his braves, surround, massacre and scalp, and swear before the commissioners sent out to investigate next moon that he and his people knew nothing about the matter—nothing, at least, that they could be induced to tell.

One moment more Dean watched and waited. Two of the Indians in the ravine were busily reloading their rifles. Two others were aiming over the bank, for, with the strange stupidity of their kind, the other buffalo, even when startled by the shot, had never sought safety in flight, but were now sniffling the odor of blood on the tainted air and slowly, wonderingly drawing near the stricken leader as though to ask what ailed him. Obedient and docile the Indian ponies stood with drooping heads, hidden under the shelter of the steep banks. Nearer and nearer came the big black animals, bulky, stupid, fatuous; the foremost lowered a huge head to sniff at the blood oozing from the shoulder of the dying bull, then two more shots puffed out from the ravine, the huge head tossed suddenly in air, and the ungainly brute started and staggered, whirled about and darted a few yards away, then plunged on its knees, and the next moment, startled at some sight the soldier watchers could not see, the black band was seized with sudden panic and darted like mad into the depths of the watercourse, disappeared one moment from sight, then, suddenly reappearing, came laboring up the higher side, straight for the crest on which they lay, a dozen black, bounding, panting beasts thundering over the ground, followed by half a dozen darting Indian ponies, each with his little rider scurrying in pursuit.

"Out of the way, men! Don't fire!" shouted Dean. And, scrambling back toward their horses, the lieutenant and his men drew away from the front of the charging herd, invisible as yet to the halted troop and to the occupants of the ambulance, whose eager heads could be seen poked out at the side doors of the leading vehicle, as though watching for the cause of the sudden halt.

Continued

For Sale or Rent.

The Southwest quarter of Section Twelve and the Northeast quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section One, all in township Twenty-two Range Thirteen situated twelve miles from Burlington and four miles from Gridley. The price for the 160 acres is \$2,000; for the forty acres \$500. Address: MISS SARAH CRANE, P. O. Box 215, La. Salle, Ill.

Hall's Great Discovery.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

Read This

Plattsburg, N.Y., April 24, 1900. I have used Hall's Great Discovery for bladder and kidney trouble, and would not take a thousand dollars for the benefit received from using one bottle. I feel that I am permanently cured. I make this statement from a sense of duty that I owe to those who are afflicted and trust that they will take advantage of the information and realize the truth of my assertion. J. P. BALLE, Contractor.

KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS

The mailing boy in the Newton Republican office rolls that paper up like a cigarette.

S. H. Crain, of Bourbon county, is lovingly known to his intimate friends as Sand Hill Crain.

It really looks as if Mr. Spradling, of Washington, might be a fusionist without desecrating his name.

If that Pennsylvania strike keeps up long enough the Kansas farmer can reap a fortune out of his corn cobs.

Wichita and Sedgewick county between them are preparing to vote \$110,000 bonus to the Topolobampo railroad.

The ChanuteTribunehas been bought out by the Katy railroad. Its president sent the editor a knife with a corkscrew in the back.

Lawrence has finally got one patch of her streets paved—a small one—and the town folks in glee run around on it so much they are dizzy.

A Fort Scott man who owned a thieves' slot machine is getting little sympathy since an enterprising man ran off with the whole concern.

Kansas mers have taken warning. He with the little bunch of whiskey who used to raise "h—ll," has now a little bunch of steers and is raising corn.

During the street fair the street car conductors of Wichita rang the bell for 64,239 fares, and this is the nearest the company can come to telling how many people rode.

From the reports of polls taken on Kansas trains Mark Hanna must be using his slush funds to pay the fares of Republicans to do nothing but ride and be polled.

A Lawrence husband ran away and with no other disguise than the fact that he was at work in Missouri he completely evaded discovery until he voluntarily reported.

A Leavenworth man has bought 1,000 acres of land which he will plant in government mules. It has heretofore raised long eared corn and ought to do well in mules.

In a recent speech at Salina Ed Little said he was fiercely opposed to the Republican party and later said: "The Republican party stands for Gold and Glory."

Parsons and Clay Center are fighting over that asylum again. They had been quiet so long the rest of the State was thinking of issuing a certificate "discharged as cured."

Half a dozen Cherryvale excursionists lost their hats returning from their trip to Wichita, the air of prosperity of the country through which they passed having been very much in evidence.

The choir of the Girard high school at an evening gathering ate freely of the viands prepared and then arose and with their hands folded around their refreshments sang "Abide with Me."

Since a Salina fisherman found a full keg of beer floating down the creek there is an end to the kicking of Saline county people on there being no fish to stock the streams this year.

The Wichita Eagle, with its whole-souled desire for truth, confesses to having found one traveling man for Bryan. His name is Emilio Aguinaldo and he travels out of Manila for his health.

A packed house at a Republican speaking at Hutchinson sang "America" with apparent—just pretended, of course—deep feeling. How could those unpatriotic, scheming imperialists have the nerve to do it!

The Abilene Chronicle says that a Lincoln girl is traveling with an actor troupe and drawing \$15 a week and every time the other Lincoln girls think of it they want to throw the dish rag against the wall and have a good cry.

Andrew Boyle of Butler county went to a protracted meeting and stayed outside in his buggy to escape the hot shot of the divine. He received a bullet from a stray pistol shot into his head and hereafter will take chances inside.

The Holton Recorder says that if it was the devil, acting through the street commissioner, who tore up a walk near two churches in the hope of inducing the congregations to swear as they waded the mud, he was badly fooled.

Important discovery by Charlie Harger: It was generally supposed that the feminine custom of raising the skirt by grabbing it in the rear was of comparatively recent origin but as the actresses the other night representing the time of Nero did the same thing with their gowns it evidently dates a long way back.

It Heals the Lungs

When suffering from a racking cough, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. The soreness will be relieved and a warm, grateful feeling and healing of the parts affected will be experienced. Take no substitute. Campbell & Burrell.

(First published August 1st, 1900.)

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

House Joint Resolution No. 4 Relating to Justices of the Supreme Court.

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Kansas, two-thirds of the members elected to each house thereof concurring therein:

SECTION 1. The following proposition to amend the constitution of the state is hereby submitted to the qualified electors of the state for their approval or rejection, viz: Section 2 of article 4 of the constitution of this state is hereby amended so as to read: Sec. 2. The supreme court shall consist of seven justices, who shall be chosen by the electors of the state. They may sit separately in two divisions, with full power in each division to determine the cases assigned to be heard by such division. Three justices shall constitute a quorum in each division and the concurrence of three shall be the majority in a division. Such cases only as may be ordered to be heard by the whole court shall be concurrences of four justices. In no case shall a justice be in continuous term of service shall continue to serve during the same period the senior in years of these shall be chief justice, and the presiding justice of each division shall be chosen by the judges assigned to that division in like manner. The term of office of the justices shall be six years, except as hereinafter provided. The justices in office at the time this amendment takes effect shall hold their offices for the terms for which they were severally elected and until their successors are elected and qualified. As soon as the justices are elected the general election in 1902 there shall be elected five justices, one of whom shall hold his office for two years, one for four years, and three for six years. At the general election in 1904 and every six years thereafter two justices shall be elected. At the general election in 1906 and every six years thereafter three justices shall be elected.

SEC. 2. This proposition shall be submitted to the electors of this state at the general election of representatives in the year 1900 for approval or rejection. The amendment hereby proposed shall be declared the official ballot by the following title: "The judicial amendment to the constitution," and shall be voted on by the general election in 1900 and every six years thereafter three justices shall be elected.

SEC. 3. This resolution shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the statute-book of the general election in 1900. Approved March 1, 1899.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original enrolled resolution now on file in my office, and that the same took effect by publication in the statute-book May 15, 1899. J. B. SECRETARY OF STATE.

(First published October 5th 1900.)

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF KANSAS, IN AND FOR THE DISTRICT COURT, SEVENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT, SITTING IN AND FOR ALLEN COUNTY, STATE OF KANSAS.

J. W. Jackson, Plaintiff, vs. Elsie H. Bowler, Lydia J. Bowler, et al, defendants.

By virtue of an order of sale issued September 29th, 1900, by the clerk of the Seventh judicial district court, in and for Allen county, state of Kansas, in the above entitled cause, and to me directed, as a sheriff, to sell, on Monday, November 5th, A. D. 1900, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the court house in the city of Iola, Allen county, state of Kansas, offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following described real estate, situated in Allen county, Kansas, to-wit: The east one-half (1/2) of the east one-half (1/2) of the northwest quarter (1/4) of section number twenty-seven (27), also the northeast quarter (1/4) of said section less five (5) acres of land in the south end of the west half (1/2) thereof, all being in township number twenty-three (23) south of range number one (1) east of the sixth principal meridian, and containing in all one hundred and ninety acres; provided however that in conducting the sale of said premises the east one-half (1/2) of the east one-half (1/2) of said north-west quarter (1/4) will be offered for sale first. Said lands and tenements will be sold without appraisal to satisfy said order of sale.

Sheriff Allen County, Kansas, Sheriff's office, Iola, Kansas, October 3rd, 1900. A. B. Campbell, Attorney for Plaintiff.

(First published October 5, 1900.)

Publication Notice.

STATE OF KANSAS, IN AND FOR THE DISTRICT COURT, SEVENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT, SITTING IN AND FOR ALLEN COUNTY, STATE OF KANSAS.

L. J. Donham, Plaintiff, vs. L. J. Donham, Defendant.

State of Kansas to the above named defendant, L. J. Donham: You will take notice that you have been sued by the above named plaintiff, L. J. Donham, in the above entitled cause, and you must answer the petition filed by the above named plaintiff on or before the 15th of November next, or the allegations therein contained will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you, dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing and divorcing said plaintiff from you forever. L. J. DONHAM, Plaintiff.

B. F. Carter, Attorney for Plaintiff.

(First published October 5th, 1900.)

Final Settlement.

STATE OF KANSAS, IN AND FOR THE DISTRICT COURT, SEVENTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT, SITTING IN AND FOR ALLEN COUNTY, STATE OF KANSAS.

In the Probate Court, Estate of William Lynch, deceased. The creditors and others interested in the above named estate will take notice that I intend to make a final settlement of said estate at the next term of said Probate Court, to-wit: on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1900. And that said settlement will be made at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day. JOHN LYNCH, Administrator.

Iola, Kansas, Oct. 2nd, 1900.



C. A. JAPHET VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST

THIRTY YEARS' SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE I dress horses' teeth, and treat all injuries and diseases.

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